

The Oregon Statesman

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GIVE THEM BACK THEIR MONEY

The Oregon state flax industry recently paid at the Portland custom house \$832.80 duty, being 40 cents a bushel on 2082 bushels of "pedigreed" flax seed from Canada, in two shipments.

And this charge has been passed on to the farmers of the Salem district sowing flax, for the farmer takes the seed at cost, the amount in each case being charged up against his delivery of flax at harvest time.

It is understood that there is authority at Washington for the refunding of such charges on seed. This is certainly a case where such authority ought to be exercised. This "pedigreed" seed is brought with the idea of improving the strain here; to give our growers a flax with a longer fiber, with a heavier yield to the acre—more tons of flax to the acre for the farmers, and more seed and fiber to the ton for the manufacturer, and a higher grade and therefore higher priced fiber.

It is a part of the foundation work leading up to the creation of an industry here that will eventually bring \$100,000,000 annually to the Salem district for linens and twines and fibers and the by-products of flax that will make the United States a wealthier country by that much each year, for the whole scheme means the creation of such values out of an annual crop grown on our land; and a very small proportion of our available land, plus the labor of the people in the mills, all the way up from the threshing and retting to the scutching and spinning and weaving and bleaching and artistic finishing.

This matter has been brought to the attention of Senator McNary and Congressman Hawley. They have been asked to present the matter to the proper authorities. They will no doubt do so.

And they will no doubt succeed in the request for a refund of the money to the growers. For surely the whole people of the United States, if they could all understand the matter, would not want their government to stand in the attitude of fining men attempting to make a new \$100,000,000 annual industry for their section, their state and their country—leading to other new industries, such as the growing and manufacturing of hemp, and in other ways conferring benefits down through all the generations, beyond computation in value to our whole country.

OFFICIALS OF STATE SCORED FOR LAXITY

There is published in another column a news article taken from the Oregonian of yesterday, which ran in that paper under a heading reading: "Officials of state scored for laxity. New training school for boys imperative need. Immediate probe urged. Judge Kanler brands delay as 'outrageous shame'; heads youth made to suffer."

This article is printed because of the fact that Judge Tanzier represents a large body of opinion in this state. He represents in considerable degree the people who objected to the construction of the group of new buildings on the present site; their objections having caused a halt to be called till the convening of the 1923 session of the Legislature, which body, having in view all that had passed, gave the state board the authority to purchase a new site.

Making that action both directory and mandatory, in the nature of the case, as this writer argued in The Statesman of Wednesday.

Not only mandatory as to the purchase of the new land, but as to the quantity and quality of land—designed to give a chance for the training of the boys in the lines of agriculture adapted to their abilities and to the scheme of things in this locality; and tending to making the institution partly or entirely self supporting.

As to the charge of negligence, that is easily explainable by the sickness of the late State Treasurer O. P. Hoff.

DROPPING OUT OF SCHOOL

A survey made of the University of Minnesota shows that 18.4 per cent of the student body dropped out of school in 1922 and 1923, and that 1,650 students out of 8,925 quit school during the term for one cause or another. This proportion of students who quit is probably fair for all the other activities of life. In the Minnesota survey 1,659 left school the first year and only 1,978 completed their courses. In an effort to ascertain the reason for this condition the survey showed that 30 per cent left for financial reasons. This is a deplorable situation, but everyone familiar with college life generally knows that more men gamble on their ability to capitalize the blue sky and get through on "shoe strings" than women. It means the men are willing to take more desperate chances than women. Illness was given as a reason for leaving by 17 per cent of the men and 14 per cent of the women. However, the school records confirm that not over half of these were really ill. Ten per cent of both men and women were needed at home. No man admitted that he quit school to get married, although 3 per cent of the women made this excuse. Eighty per cent of both men and women expressed an intention to return to complete their education. Very few of them will ever do so.

The problem presented by the students is more than personal, more than local. It shows a waste because the appropriations of the legislature are not used as intended. How to remedy this waste is a question. Some think we will have to limit attendance...

that the war propaganda is to inspire hatred, while the monuments and memorial buildings are for the purpose of inspiring love for the soldiers and recognition of their efforts. We have had quite enough hate in America; it is time to return more to love.

THE PARCEL POST

The man who said that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" might have extended his observations. The special interests never sleep. The fight on the primaries has been going on continuously, and unless the friends of just government stay awake the fixers and manipulators will get in their work. Just now there is an effort being made to increase the parcel post rate. Of course, this means that the express companies have organized to put the postoffice carrier department out of business. No legislation in the last quarter century has been more beneficial to the people than the parcel post. That is just the reason that the fight is being made. The parcel post is so useful and it saves the people so much money that it must be put out of business. The friends of this means of transportation, and especially the farmers, must get busy right away because, frankly, the present congress cannot be trusted. It is running wild and is liable to do anything. A selfish, irresponsible minority is running both houses, and the staid workers of both parties are taking a back seat.

PROTECTING OUR STATE

The federal government believes that it can best handle the foot and mouth disease. We might all believe the same way except for the fact that the authorities have already protested against the means so far employed. The government does not appreciate the desperateness of the situation. Governor Pierce, who himself is a cattle man, probably knows more about the situation than any man in Washington and he has the courage to hold his position. It is very important not to have any conflict between the state and federal government, but Governor Pierce is right in insisting upon a strict quarantine being the first consideration. That is such a dreadful disease that it must be stamped out. It would bankrupt Oregon to have this disease appear here in any number of victims. We must protect ourselves.

WHY I WROTE "The Interpreter's House"

I wrote "The Interpreter's House" primarily because I am a writer and can't help myself, although frequently I wish that I could. If it has any particular purpose it lies in the attempt to give some sort of synthetic picture—or rather, atmosphere—of the country and to place against this background fairly well educated and to some extent idealistic people. Since the war any number of important novels have been written, but practically all of them have been marked by a complete national pessimism and a lack of any characters capable of functioning above the neck. That is all right. We need pessimism in this country, self criticism, self-doubt. Our worst enemy is sentimentality, and that we have to fight. But there is no complete picture of any country which does not show some idealism and some tradition of gentleness and honor. And after all this is a large country and although, as is the case with all countries, the greedy and dishonorable and unlikable may be in the majority, there are enough gentle and honorable people to make the writing about them not only important but necessary. I do not agree with one of my lady reviewers who says "drama can't happen in a drawing room." I trust she does not conduct her life along these lines, for the thesis is a dangerous one.

However, that is not important. "The Interpreter's House" is only one of three novels I hope to write along the same general lines, and I merely chose to place the first in New York and amongst fairly wealthy people. What I have set myself, and I have no hope of succeeding except partially, is to try to give some impression of the country as a whole. My only qualifications are the facts that I have lived all over America, and with all its faults, love it passionately. The 100 dissenter is making of himself as fit a subject of satire as his enemy the 100 per center.

OUT OF THE COMMITTEE

The McNary-Haugen bill has passed the committee deliberations and is now on the senate's calendar. It is considerably changed but its integrity has been maintained. It was always felt that the bill was too broad. It was never seriously contended that it was economic; it was contended that it met a real emergency and that it gave help where help must be had.

When a man is drowning it is a poor time to ask if he is orthodox or unorthodox; when he is a professional man, if he is regular or irregular. That is the situation in the wheat business. It must have help, and the McNary bill comes nearest offering that help of any bill proposed. It would meet a real situation and meet it in a way that would give the farmers an opportunity to help themselves. It is no more than we have been doing for the corporations under the tariff laws.

ENTERTAINING TOURISTS

Mr. Vining of the state chamber of commerce asks that the tourists be entertained in the various cities and towns. The Oregon Statesman has suggested this for Salem. If we get the community house as planned, this can be done very readily. Salem has a lot of musical and literary talent that can be utilized to make the stay in the auto park attractive. A capital city is always fortunate in that it attracts the better class of people. People of talent know that they can find congenial surroundings in any capital city. Salem is unusually fortunate in this respect.

It all depends upon their ability to provide a community house in the park. The tabernacle building has taught us a lesson. We know that when we want to do anything we can do it, and when we want to do it quickly it can be done. The community house and these entertainments can be taken care of quite rapidly.

VERY FOOLISH

Certain California interests which have always been selfish, sordid and low, are insisting that they will boycott Oregon lumber if we do not permit fruit to come in here. There is nothing to this; it is just an exhibition of the intolerable California spirit that is always ruthless, always heartless. They do not care what happens to Oregon. They are willing for

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 151 HOW MADGE AND DICKY FOUND KATIE.

"Luckily there's a side entrance to this restaurant." Without appearing to notice it, I knew that Dicky was contemplating my black eye ruefully, dreading our entrance into even so unpretentious a restaurant as the one before us, where we expected to find Katie.

I shrank from curious glances myself, but with true feminine inconsistency, I resented a similar attitude in Dicky. Just exactly how I expected him to feel I cannot tell, but I suspect that deep within me was the absurd romantic longing to have him take me on his arm and with head held high, sweep into the most exclusive dining-room in the city. The little detail that I would almost have died before I would have faced such an ordeal made no difference in my secret feeling that Dicky should not have been ashamed of my appearance, no matter how bizarre it was.

But, fortunately for me, my common sense is generally strong enough effectually to smother the paths which, to my disgust, lurks within my cosmos, and I forced an enthusiastic assent to my lips.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Do you suppose there are many people in there?"

"Not now. Isn't quite lunch time yet. Look here, what are you going to order? I'll tell you now that I simply won't eat here. I've danced around to your tune all the morning, but this particular worm is going to turn and tie himself up into knots right here. I'll order something for a stall so you can have a chance to send for Katie, but six on eating here, also non non!"

I saw that he was in one of his obstinate moods, so I acquiesced promptly, and all the more readily because my glimpse of the interior of the restaurant was anything but reassuring.

"I thought I'd order some sliced oranges, toast and a pot of tea," I said. "I could hardly order less."

Dicky snorted. "You'll have no takers on that bet," he drawled. "But it's a good enough bluff at that, so we'll make it double. Come along."

The Waiter is Amused.

I followed him tremulously into the side door of the restaurant which held less than half a dozen customers in all. A counter for serving ran the whole length of the room at the back with a hole in the wall behind it through which the waiters shouted their orders and received in return the food for their customers. As we entered a burly white-aproned chap shouted in tones that could be heard a block:

"Two on a raft, one Java."

"What does he mean, Dicky?" I whispered.

"Sounds like a Conrad novel, doesn't he?" Dicky whispered back. "But it's nothing so high-brow. He simply means two poached eggs and one cup of coffee. Pipe this one that's coming after us."

I followed Dicky's eye to a little weazened man, who might have been 40 or 60, who was sliding up to us with a crab-like motion, due, I saw, to a deformity in his shoulders.

He was a whole head shorter than I, and he evidently added near-sightedness to his other afflictions, for he gave no indication of noting anything unusual in my appearance until he was directly in front of us. Then he started violently, and with an astonished grin peered up at my black eye, with a curiosity so naive, so gamine-like that I felt no resentment, only an almost uncontrollable inclination to laugh.

"Meessis Graham!"

Then he turned his glance on Dicky, measuring him, and there was more than curiosity. It was distinct admiration—and respect that shone in his wrinkled old face, and I saw my husband bite his lips to keep back a chuckle until the little chap turned away and led us to a table so near the counter that we could hear the clatter from the kitchen. But it was a table somewhat shielded from the rest of the room, and I dropped into my seat, thankful that so much of my ordeal was over.

While Dicky gave the order I was conscious that the old fellow was still furtively gazing at me, and when he went to the counter he did not about our orders through the opening, but pulling open a door, disappeared into the regions beyond.

"If he were big enough, I'd punch his nose for him," Dicky growled, grinning reluctantly. "But he's—"

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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Sightseeing Trips With The Birds



The Grosbeaks belong to the same Finch family as the Cardinal, the Goldfinch and the Indigo Bunting which were described last week. The Rose-breasted Grosbeak is a bird of the mountain valley. He likes to live in river birches or along the border of a spruce forest. He has a black coat, hood, wings and tail with white underparts with a rose-head shirt front shaped like a triangle. Notice also in the picture that he has a big, powerful, stubby bill. He lives anywhere from Manitoba to Maine and southward to North Carolina and Kansas, building a frail nest 10 to 20 feet above the ground in which may be found during the latter half of May, four or five blue eggs marked with brown. The female's coloring betrays that she is a relative of the sparrow. The young males, too, in the fall, are streaked with brown, but have red breasts.

The Grosbeak's song is like the Robin's only it is more flowing and joyous. The Robin sings in jerky triplets; the Grosbeak in accented and smooth triplets. His call-note is a sharp peep. The Grosbeak is a valuable bird citizen, for he destroys June bugs, the potato beetle and the grapevine beetle.

The Pine Grosbeak is a cold weather bird. In summer he lives in northern North America, spending the winter in the northern United States. He is prepared for the most bitter cold, for during the summer he stored up a layer of fat under his feathers which keeps him warm, and if a day comes when the pine cones and buds do not yield him a good meal his stored-up food will tide him over.

In color he is the most delicious peach pink. In the landscape of snow and ice where he is found, he makes a most artistic appearance as he flits in and out of the pine trees, deftly picking out the seeds of the pine cone with his beak, which is to him what hands are to a person. His call is a whistle of three or four notes.

The Pine Grosbeak is a pink color with white bars on the black wings. He has a dark brown parrot-like beak and brown feet.

Cap'n Zyb

LASSO SKILL The other day I was telling you about the cowboys rope spinning stunts. Today I have a different rope trick for you. If we keep up these rope stunts we'll all be sure enough cowboys soon!

KNOW THIS ONE?

I showed this picture to a friend of mine before it was printed, and she knew who it was right away. She said, "What a shame to make poor Venus di Milo carry a market basket around."

SEATTLE HAS QUAKE

SEATTLE, April 25.—A severe earthquake was felt here at 12:03 o'clock this morning.

The Fun Shop by Maxson Rachal Jones

Domestic felicity cannot be preserved in family jars. Sharps and Flints The poet was telling the business man, Of the spring bird's song and nature's plan.

WHY I WROTE "THE DARK SWAN." By Ernest Pascal.

The answer to this rather difficult query is really contained in the title, "The Dark Swan," the story of an ugly woman.

But Mama Was Not in Hearing "Papa, why do brides wear long veils?" "To conceal their satisfaction, I presume, my son."

It's usually when a man speaks without thinking that he says what he thinks.

The Eternal Mystery He found her behind the counter of Stacy's.

SCHOOLBOY'S SNUFF-BOX RADIO SET, FOR \$1 LIMIT CONTEST, COST 50 CENTS

Always Mrs. Tiff (sarcastically); "It seems to me I'm always wrong." Mr. Tiff: "Well, you're right for once."



Chicago school children are submitting most unusual receiving sets in a competition governed by rules which fix the maximum cost at one dollar. Arnold Turner has submitted a set which is contained in a snuff-box. It cost less than half the limit but Arnold has been able to get all the local stations.

EVERY ACTOR WHEN HE LOOKS IN A MIRROR THINKS HE'S STAR-GAZING